

Miscellany.

CITY SKETCH ON THE ELEVATED TRAIN.

He entered an elevated train at Franklin street, with a white child, golden-haired baby girl in his thin old arms, and a smile on his gray-bewhiskered face. Every man in the car was silent behind a newspaper, or gazing gloomily out of a window.

"May I set by you?" he required of an overfed melancholy man in black, who was occupying three quarters of a double seat in the middle of the car.

The melancholy man moved slightly. "Certainly," he said, and when he saw the baby girl he frowned at first, and then smiled and squeezed himself into one-half the seat.

"Breezy, ain't it?" inquired the old man, and four newspapers were lowered into as many laps.

"Yes, it is," replied the melancholy man, with another smile. "Seems to be blowing freshly up the bay."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain," ventured the old man so loudly and cheerfully that passengers for ten seats around looked over and smiled, and two or three began to converse tentatively, after the manner of persons who learned to talk very late in life. "Told my darter this mornin' before I left him that I thought it 'ud rain before night, but she said I'd lose an umbrella if I fetched one. It does seem 's if I'm gittin' powerful fergittin' lately."

"Bleecker!"—from the guard.

"Is this your grandchild?" inquired the melancholy man, beaming with all his visible cuticle.

"Yes, this is Susy; all the one we've got. Her father 'n' mother's dead, 'n' she lives 'long o' Almiry 'n' me. Almiry's my darter."

"Eighty nex!"—from the guard.

"Make 'em hustle, don't they? Don't give 'em much time to get on or off. Almiry's kind o' near, though she means well, Almiry does—I'll give her credit fer that—'n' she thought all these fixin's wa'n't wuth while. But I says to myself I ain't got any more grandchildren to bring up, ner much longer to bring 'em in 'I had; 'n' if Susy wants 's good clothes 's our minister's little girl, she's goin' to hev 'em. Ain't you, Susy?"

The child looked up into the serene, homely old face and smiled.

"Is this window too cold for your little girl, sir?" inquired a big coarse boy who sat opposite, pretending to read a grimy paper-covered novel.

"Eh?"

"Would you like the window closed?"

"No, thank ye. Can't hev too much fresh air for Susy. Why, she lives out-doors, jest like a flower, when she's to hum. What street was that?"

"Eighth."

"What's next?"

"Fourteenth."

"That's where Racy's dry goods store is, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've got to git out there. Come, Susy."

Every man in the car was sorry.—[Harper's Weekly.]

YAWNING AS A REMEDY.

According to current ideas, yawning in good society is an improper sign of weariness; according to the teachings of physiology, it is a long-drawn, forcible inspiration, followed by a shorter respiration; according to Dr. Naegeli, it is one of Nature's many remedies, the proper application of which depends upon good judgment.

In yawning, not only the muscles which move the lower jaw are used, but also the breathing muscles of the chest, and he who yawns to his heart's content also raises and extends the arms. In the deepest inspiration the chest remains extended for a short time, the eyes are almost or entirely closed, the ears somewhat raised, the nostrils dilated.

Inside the mouth, the tongue becomes round and arched, the palate stiffly stretched, and the uvula is raised, almost entirely closing the space between the nose and throat. At the beginning of the inspiration, a crackling noise is heard in the ears, a proof that the duct leading to the ears also succumbs to this stretching.

If the yawning has reached the deepest point it will require from one to one and a half seconds for it to become noticeable to the hearing. In order to observe this, let one place himself at a sufficient distance from a clock, so that its ticking will not be easily heard, and yawn deeply. During this deep breathing the sound of the clock is not perceptible to the most careful listener.

All this simply goes to show that yawning sets a number of muscles to work, and particularly those which are not directly subject to the will. Although one yawning does not present a very agreeable appearance, it is very agreeable to himself, for the stretching of the muscles causes a feeling of comfort; it acts like massage, and is the most natural gymnastics of the lungs imaginable. Dr. Naegeli therefore advises people not to concern themselves with so-called decency, but every morning and evening, and as often as possible, to exercise the lungs and all the muscles of respiration by yawning and stretching, as many chronic lung troubles may thus be prevented.

Dr. Naegeli orders the patient troubled with too much wax in the ear, accompanied with pain, to yawn often and deeply. The pain will soon disappear. He, also, in the case of nasal catarrh, inflammation of the palate, sore throat and earache, orders the patient as often as possible during each day to yawn

from six to ten times successively, and immediately afterwards to swallow. The result will be surprising. If one looks upon yawning as a natural massage for certain organs, he will reach a satisfactory explanation of its curative properties.—[Translated for Public Opinion from the German.]

BURMESE PROVERBS.

There is no wealth like unto knowledge, for thieves cannot steal it.

If none asketh aught of a wise man he is like a drum that is not beaten; if any asketh aught of him, then his wisdom floweth forth as the rain, but the ignorant man, whether any asketh aught or asketh not, always talketh much.

Whosoever speaketh fair words hath many friends, but the harsh man hath but few.

Tame the bad wife by keeping away the money from her.

A priest is comely if he be lean; a four-footed beast is comely when he is fat; a man becometh comely when he is wise, and a woman when she hath a husband.

The king is not thy husband; the king is not thy sister's husband; the king is not thy master.—[The Fortnightly Review.]

ALL SORTS.

Skin and Body on Fire.

My skin and body were covered with blotches which were very sore and painful and itched terribly. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., was recommended to me. I commenced using it and before I had used the fourth bottle I was completely cured. It is the King of Blood Medicines. S. J. Arnold, Rochester, N. Y.

"Did you know his business had run down?" "I supposed so. I heard he was going to wind it up."—[Nast's Weekly.]

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Flint Bros., druggists.

He—Did you know that a diamond will exhibit phosphorescence when it is rubbed in the dark? She—Indeed I did not. But if you have brought the ring with you, we can try it.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

In Holland, Mich., C. J. Doesbury, publishes the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

We wish we were as popular as the woman with the children when she gets down the cake and takes a knife in her hand.—[Acheson Globe.]

Adolf Laloz, carriage manufacturer, 119 Carroll street, Buffalo, N. Y., states: I was troubled with nausea of the stomach, sick headache and general debility. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure of colds, croup and whooping cough has brought it into great demand. Messrs. Pontius & Son, of Cameron, Ohio, say that it has gained a reputation second to none in that vicinity. Jas. M. Queen, of Johnston, W. Va., says it is the best he ever used. B. F. Jones, druggist, Winona, Miss., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly reliable. I have always warranted it and it never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction; 50 cent bottles for sale by Flint Bros."

A patent has been granted in Auckland for a net to catch whales. The mesh is big enough for a calf to pass through, and it is said to have been used already with great success.

Sav, Mister!

Is it possible you are suffering from catarrh, and have not used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? All the terrible consequences of catarrh in the head may be averted if you'll but make the effort! You know, too well, its distressing symptoms! You possibly know, if neglected, it invariably goes from bad to worse, and is likely to run into consumption and end in the grave! Here is a way of escape: Its makers are willing to take all the risk, and make a standing offer of \$500 for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. You can get \$500, or better, a cure!

"Jenkins has the smartest boy I know of." "Great Scott! I didn't know Jenkins was afflicted that way." "This boy's an exception." "Is he?" "Yes; I was at their house for three hours yesterday and he never recited once."—[Washington Star.]

"Feak and Weeble."

A friend of mine had an odd way of mixing her words. Perfectly unconscious of it, she would often make folks laugh. She would speak of feeling "feak and weeble," for weak and feeble, and "castor ill poils," for castor oil pills. But she was weak and feeble, until she took that powerful, invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription," which so wonderfully imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked women, run-down women, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is unexcelled. It is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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All Sorts of Stove Wood.

My son, George, is hereby authorized to collect and receipt any bills in my name.
THOMAS GAGNER,
Portland Street.